



"WANTED, A MAN."

Cantasser. "How would you like the village overrun with Germans? and a German living at the Hall?"
Villager. "Wot! Them Germans turn Squire out? Young Man, yew don't know Squire!"

A LAMENT FOR KING PANTOMIME.

["So far as we can observe the tendency of the time, the old-fashioned pantomime is on its last legs; and, naturally, we mean by the old-fashioned pantomime the Harlequinade, with its attendant spirits of Clown and Columbine, Harlequin and Pantaloon . . . All praise to Mr. Barric, who began the beneficent revolution by devising his immortal hero, *Peter Pan*."]—*Daily Telegraph*.]

ONCE more, ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown (see MILTON'S *Lycidas*),
 Your mournful help I must implore.
 Let all enjoyment be dismissed as
 I drain the cup of sorrow to the dregs
 For one who's on his last expiring legs.

Anticipating that sad day
 When nought is left us but his phantom, I'm
 Constrained to pen a funeral lay
 In honour of our lord, King Pantomime.
 To think that, one fine Christmas, all in vain
 We'll listen for his "Here we are again!"

From boyhood I've been wont to make
 Unto his court an annual pilgrimage;
 And little did I think to break
 This venerable custom till grim age,
 Laying his chilly finger on my chest,
 Disabled me from chuckling at a jest.

For years, past all remembering,
 I've joined with fervour in his revelry,

Allowed my sentiments full fling,
 Roared at the Clown's amazing devilry,
 And nearly died with laughter when he met
 The abandoned baby in the bassinette.

Then, when the Harlequin appeared,
 How eagerly we'd crane our necks to see
 The Pantaloon's devices queered,
 And with what undiluted ecstasy
 We'd lay our fulsome tributes at the shrine
 Of that entrancing fay, the Columbine!

But what avails it to recall
 Joys that were destined for eternity
 Had not our youth been seized in thrall
 By that strange spirit of modernity
 Which frowns upon the sausage-stealing joker
 And sees no humour in the red-hot poker?

So let us tearfully prepare
 A royal wake, and, *inter alia*,
 Summon the mirthful monarch's heir
 To don His Majesty's regalia;
 And, when our King has fully served his time,
 Proclaim, "Long live King Peter Pantomime!"

"Committee Rooms have been taken by the Women's Social and Political Union within a stone's throw of both candidates' Central Committee Rooms."—*Votes for Women*.

"Stone's throw" is good.

THE PATRIOT AT THE POLLS.

My Countrymen! Upon the eve
Of such a fight as I believe
Will most severely test your moral sinew,
Each man of you (if I am right)
Will hold aloof from party spite,
And act according to the light
Latent within you.

Yes, if I know your ways of old,
You will distinguish dross from gold
By just the gleam of those internal tapers;
No private aims, no egoist views
Will blur your conscience or confuse
That blessed spark when you peruse
Your ballot-papers.

Though selfishly you may incline
To have Britannia rule the brine
And never, never be a Kaiser's slavey,
Yet if you feel, deep in your breast,
This latter state would suit her best,
You'll vote at conscience's request
Against a Navy.

So, if you find the Budget good,
If to your sense of brotherhood
It seems a lovely thing, a dream of beauty,
The fact that you are fond of beer
And think the stuff is far too dear—
You'll never let that interfere,
But do your duty.

And if, upon the other hand,
Your soul abhors the tax on land
As tending to facilitate our ruin,
Then, though your neighbour (whom you hate)
Happens to own a large estate,
You'll tell the Liberal candidate,
"We can't have you in!"

If in your inmost heart you know
The Second Chamber ought to go,
Vote like a man for calling in the wrecker;
Don't let the thought that, if you scored
Your many virtues' just reward,
You would, in time, be made a lord,
Weaken your pecker.

You'll vote as Right and Reason bid,
Not just the way your father did,
Nor go by what your leader (B. or A.) says;
You'll track the Truth—the trail is stiff—
And never turn your nose to sniff
The red, red herring's devious whiff
Crossing her traces.

Take for your guide the good Sir PERKS;
Brought up *ad Lib.*, yet in the circles
He left his side—his conscience couldn't stick it;
Follow in noble WINSTON's train;
Bred Tory, yet for England's gain,
However sore the private pain,
He swapped his ticket.

O. S.

"Lost between Foregate Street and Tything, to-day, a Fish Frail containing photo of lady."

The "Found" advertisement of our "Photograph Album" containing a young cod-fish (male) is held over for want of space.

THE DUTY OF WORKING MEN.

Stirring Appeal by Famous Novelist.

MR. HEWLETT TAKES TO THE OPEN COUNTRY.

WE publish below in its original form the rough draft of the appeal to the working men of England from Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, the famous novelist. Mr. HEWLETT is only one of several distinguished writers who have boldly leaped into the arena at this great crisis in the affairs of the nation. The notorious charm of his literary style, it will be observed, is not at all submerged in the force and directness of this clarion call to action:—

"Let me say that I belong to no recognised political party, unless it be the party *per pale*. I am neither Socialist, Liberal, nor Conservative, Fabian nor Fontarabian, but a straight-cut, bouncing, belligerent working man; no chopper of chirpy paradoxes, but a swart-haired, sanguine, square-built, sloe-eyed, and square-chinned Salamander! Ay, and a working-man who reasonably desires to see his class get its rights.

I intend, then, to vote for anyone who will help me in those things which I want to see settled by law.

What, then, gentlemen, do we want, as workmen, husbands, and fathers of families, out of the Parliament which we are going to choose?

(1) That every Hodge-King should have at least one white-and-green surcoat, one gold baldrick, one suit of plain black mail, three white palfreys and a milch cow.

(2) That no labourers' cottages shall henceforth be builded without having each a buttery hatch, an outer bailey, and a phalanstery hung with black arras.

(3) That all and sundry, irrespective of social status, shall be christened by names likely to voice their inherent claims to natural respect. I believe that access to a romantic nomenclature is absolutely necessary to every honest and able member of the state. Names like Mellifont, Pietosa, Malise, Spiridion, Osric, and Fulk should no longer be the monopoly of orgulous lordlings, but be available for every working-man, Heaven help us, like you and me.

(4) That heraldry should be a compulsory subject in all provided schools.

... All this vapouring and stressful blustering about Empire and All Red maps is the most ineffable Panjandrum-blather that was ever exuded from the limbo of a pseudo-Goliardic gallimaufry. The only All-Red colour that counts is the bloom of healthy blood in the ruddy cheeks of some dark woodland elf. . . .

The so-called Colonies are of no commercial value whatever to us, and only a source of interminable chaffering. There is no more danger from the GERMAN EMPEROR than from the Soldan of Babylon. . . .

There, gentlemen, that's all I have to say. But I hope you will not ask me what it means, or what the moral of it should be. My sole affair is to put the argument dispassionately. Every man must seek his salvation in his own way; and what I mean precisely by salvation is of little account save to inarticulate theologians. I have achieved my own personal, particular thrill. I have clouted the Tory dogs in the big bowwow style with my own big stick. *Explicit liber ineptiarum mearum. O tempora, O Maurice! Houph-là."*

"The religious convictions of one prisoner could not be ascertained as he was unfortunately suffering from *de irium tremens*."

This hardy annual from *Whitaker's Almanack* distresses us afresh every year we read it. Surely in all this time the sufferer must have had one lucid moment in which he might have been tempted to reveal the great secret. Incidentally we may say that the "previous convictions" of the prisoner would make a more useful document.

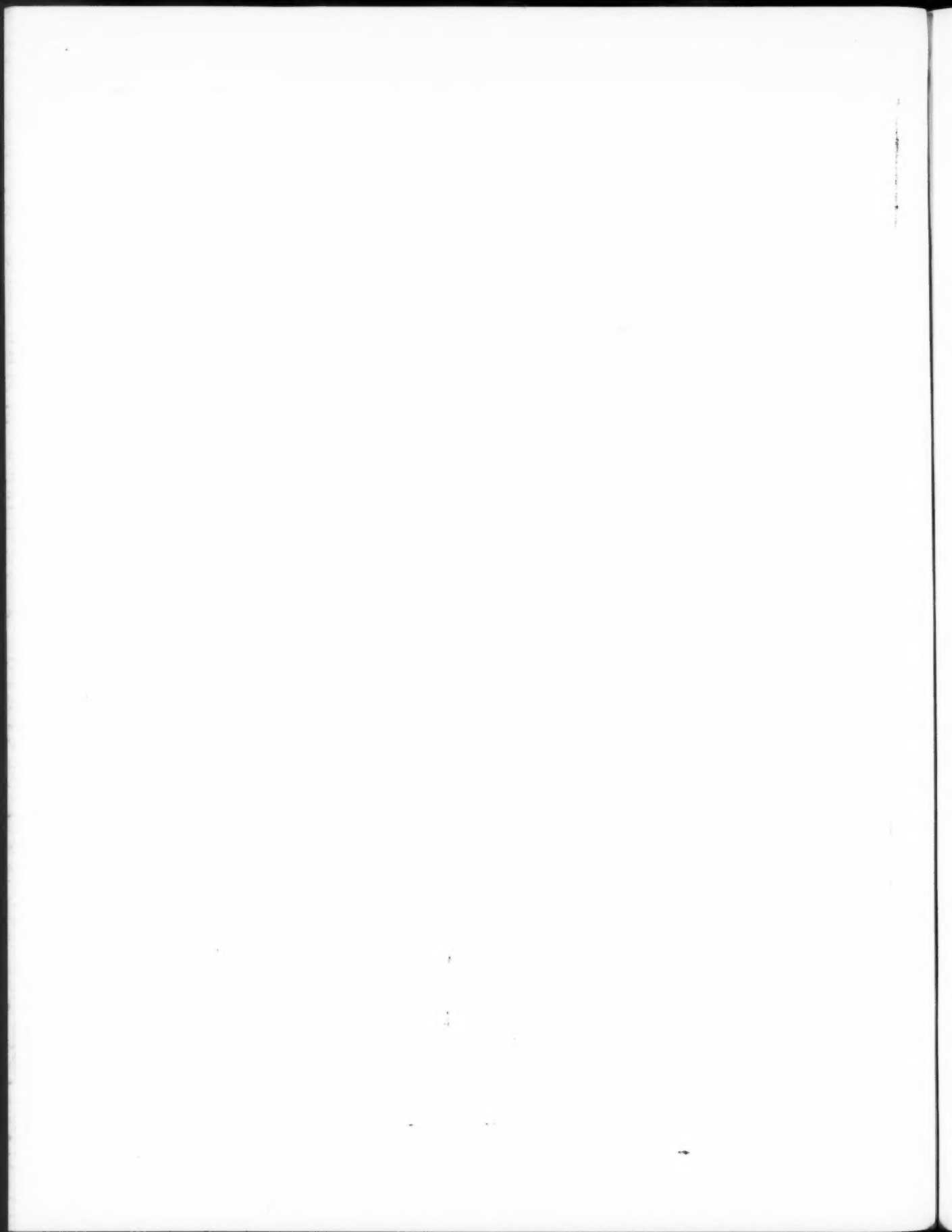


THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

Time—JANUARY 10, EVENING, AFTER THE ISSUE OF WRITS.

CHATELAINE. "WILL MY LORD AGAIN RIDE FORTH TO BREAK THE HEATHEN ON THE MORROW?"

NOBLE EARL. "NAY, HENCEFORTH I MUST E'EN WATCH THE BLOODY FRAY FROM THE HOME TURRET."





First Loafer. "CHEERO, CHARLIE. I 'OPES THE NEXT GUV'MENT 'LL MAKE THINGS LOOK UP A BIT."

Second Loafer. "THEY WOULD IF I WAS AMONG 'EM. BUT IT'S YUMAN NATURE, YOU MAY DEPEND—AS SOON AS THEY GITS INTER PARL'MENT THEY FORGETS THEY WAS ONCE MEN, LIKE ME AND YOU—AND THEY DOES NUFFINK!"

THE POSTER.

"DADDY," said Isobel, "do take me to the pantomime."

"What pantomime?" I asked kindly.

She pointed one of her tiny fingers in the direction of a large hoarding opposite, upon which were displayed some of the pictorial posters with which political agents have so lavishly regaled us of late.

"My dear," I expostulated, "that's not a pantomime; that's the General Election!"

"Is it a circus?" asked Isobel.

"No, my dear," I replied, "it is not a circus. The General Election is the great contest that is at this moment rending the country in twain. Our finest statesmen are busily engaged upon the campaign. The House of Peers hangs in the balance. The country is asked to decide whether it is to be ruled by—"

"Then why do they have those pictures if it's not a pantomime or a circus?" inquired Isobel sulkily.

"Because pictures can be more readily understood by the voters," I explained.

"What is that man doing with those sheep?"

"That man, my dear, is our great Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. The picture is symbolical; it represents—"

"Are the sheep voters?"

"No, my child, the sheep—"

"Daddy," she interrupted, "do take me to the General Election, it *must* be fun."

That is the worst of children, they cannot distinguish.

"Sinclair, b Simpson-Hayward 3
Connaille, st Strudw k, b S Haywarp 8
Schwarz, b Simpson-Aayward 0"

The Citizen.

It seems quite like summer to read all about the great SIMPSON family again.

"Chili's Change of Time."—*Daily Mail.*

Quite true; we always get it in the summer now.

IN PHYLLISTIA.

PHYLLIS, as you love me, pray

Do not talk of taximèter.

Thermomèter, would you say?

Phyllis, as you love me, pray

Try the word the other way:

It is more correct and neater.

Phyllis, as you love me, pray

Do not talk of taximèter.

Did you say those sort of things

Never seemed to you to matter?

Gloomily your poet sings,

Did you say "those sort of things"?

Frightened love would soon take wings,

All his fondest hopes you'd shatter,

Did you say those sort of things

Never seemed to you to matter.

"On the sofa rafter tea?"

No, that really is decisive.

Thus you spoke? It cannot be:

"On the sofa rafter tea!"

Phyllis, you are not for me . . .

Yet you would be rather nice if—

"On the sofa rafter tea!"

No. That really *is* decisive.

THE RABBITS.

[Second Series.]

CHAPTER II.—ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS.

I WAS, I confess, very late the next morning even for a rat-catcher. Mr. Derry was in the middle of his breakfast; all the others had finished. We saluted, and I settled down to work.

"There is going to be a rehearsal at eleven o'clock, I believe," said Derry. "It must be nearly that now."

"I shall be there," I said, "if I have to bring the marmalade with me. You're going to coach us?"

"Well, I believe I said I would."

"Though I have never assumed the buskin myself," I went on, "I have of course heard of you as an amateur actor." (*Liar.*) "And if you could tell me how to act while I am finishing my bacon I should be most awfully obliged."

"Haven't you really done any?"

"Only once, when I was very small. I was the heroine. I had an offer, but I had to refuse it. I said, 'Alas, dear heart, I may not, I am married already.'"

"Very right and proper," murmured Derry.

"Well, as it turned out, I had made a mistake. I was the first who had been married already. The little play was full of surprises, like."

Derry coughed and began to fill his pipe. "Let me see," he began; "what's your part?"

"I am a—er—a rodent-collector."

"Oh, yes—the Emperor's rat-catcher."

"Grand hereditary," I said, stiffly.

"It has been in the family for years."

"Quite so."

I was about to enlarge upon the advantages of the hereditary principle when the door opened suddenly to admit Myra and Archie.

"You don't say you're down at last!" said Myra, in surprise.

"I hardly say anything at breakfast as a rule," I pointed out.

"What an enormous one you're having. And only last night—"

"On the contrary, I'm eating practically nothing. A nut and one piece of parsley off the butter—the fact is, I glanced at my part before I went to bed, and there seemed such a lot of it, I hardly slept at all."

"Why, you don't come on very much," said Archie. "Neither do I. I'm a conjurer. Can any gentleman here oblige me with a rabbit? . . . No, Sir, I said a rabbit. Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought you were coming up on to the stage . . . Any gentleman—"

"Have some jam instead. What do you mean by saying I don't come on very much?" I took the book out of my pocket and began to turn the leaves. "Here you are, nearly every page—"

'Enter R.'—'Exit R.'—'Enter L.'—I don't know who he is—'Exit R.'—why, the rat-catcher's always doing something. Ah, here they're more explicit—'Enter R.C.' Hallo, that's funny, because I'd just— Oh, I see."

"One of our oldest and most experienced mimes," said Archie to Derry. "You must get him to talk to you."

"No secret of the boards is hid from him," added Myra.

"Tell us again, Sir, about your early struggles," begged Archie.

"He means your early performances on the stage," explained Myra.

"There's one very jolly story about ELLEN TERRY and the fire-proof curtain. Let me see, were you *Macbeth* then, or a *Noise of Trumpets*? I always forget."

I drank my last cup of tea and rose with dignity.

"It is a humorous family," I apologised to Derry. "Their grandfather was just the same. He would have his little joke about the first steam-engine."

Outside in the hall there was a large crowd of unemployed all talking at once. I caught the words "ridiculous" and "rehearsal," and the connection between the two seemed obvious and frequent. I singled out Thomas, abstracted his pouch, and began to fill up.

"What is all this acting business?" I asked. "Some idea about a little play, what? Let's toddle off and have a game of billiards."

"They've let me in for a bally part," said Thomas, "and you needn't think you're going to get out of it. They've got you down all right."

"Thomas, I will be frank with you. I am no less a person than the Emperor Bong's Hereditary (it had been in the family for years) Grand Rat-catcher. The real rush, however, comes in the afternoon. My speciality is young ones."

"I'm his executioner."

"And he has a conjurer too. What a staff! Hallo, good morning, Simpson. Are you anything lofty?"

"Oh, I am the Emperor Bong," said Simpson gaily; "I am beautiful, clever and strong—"

"Question," said Thomas.

"Tis my daily delight to carouse and to fight, and at moments I burst into song." I looked at him in amazement.

"Well, just at present," I said, "all I want is a match . . . A Lucifer, Emp. Thanks . . . Now tell me—does anybody besides yourself burst into song during the play? Any bursting by Thomas or myself, for instance?"

"Nobody sings at all. My little poem is recitative."

"If you mean it's very bad, I agree with you," said Thomas.

"I made it up myself. It was thought that my part should be livened up a little."

"Well, why hasn't it been?"

"If you will give me two minutes, Simpson," I said, "I will liven up my own part better than that. What rhymes with rat-catcher?"

"Cat-catcher."

"Wait a bit . . . Yes, that's got it."

"Oh, I'm on the Emperor's staff! I'm a rodent-collector (don't laugh)—My record (in braces)

Of rats and their races

Is a thousand and eight and a half."

"May we have that again?" said Myra, appearing suddenly.

"Oh, I'm on—"

"No," said Thomas.

"Oh, I'm on—"

"No," said Simpson.

"There is no real demand, I'm afraid."

"Well, I did just hear it before," said Myra. "I wish you'd make up one for me. I think we might all announce ourselves like that, and then the audience will have no difficulty in recognising us."

"They'll recognise Thomas if he comes on with an axe. They won't think he's just trotted round with the milk. But what are you, Myra?"

"The Emperor's wife's maid."

"Another member of the highly-trained staff. Well, go on, Simpson."

"Oh, I am Her Majesty's maid," declared Simpson. "We all begin with 'Oh,' to express surprise at finding ourselves on the stage at all. 'Oh, I am Her Majesty's maid, I'm a sad little flirt, I'm afraid,'"

"I'm respectable, steady, and staid," corrected Myra.

"No," I said; "I have it—"

"Oh, I am Her Majesty's maid!

And her charms are beginning to fade—

I can sit in the sun

And look just twenty—ne

While she's thirty-six in the shade."

Myra made a graceful curtsy.

"Thank you, Sir. You'll have to pay me a lot more of those before the play is over."

"Will I really?"

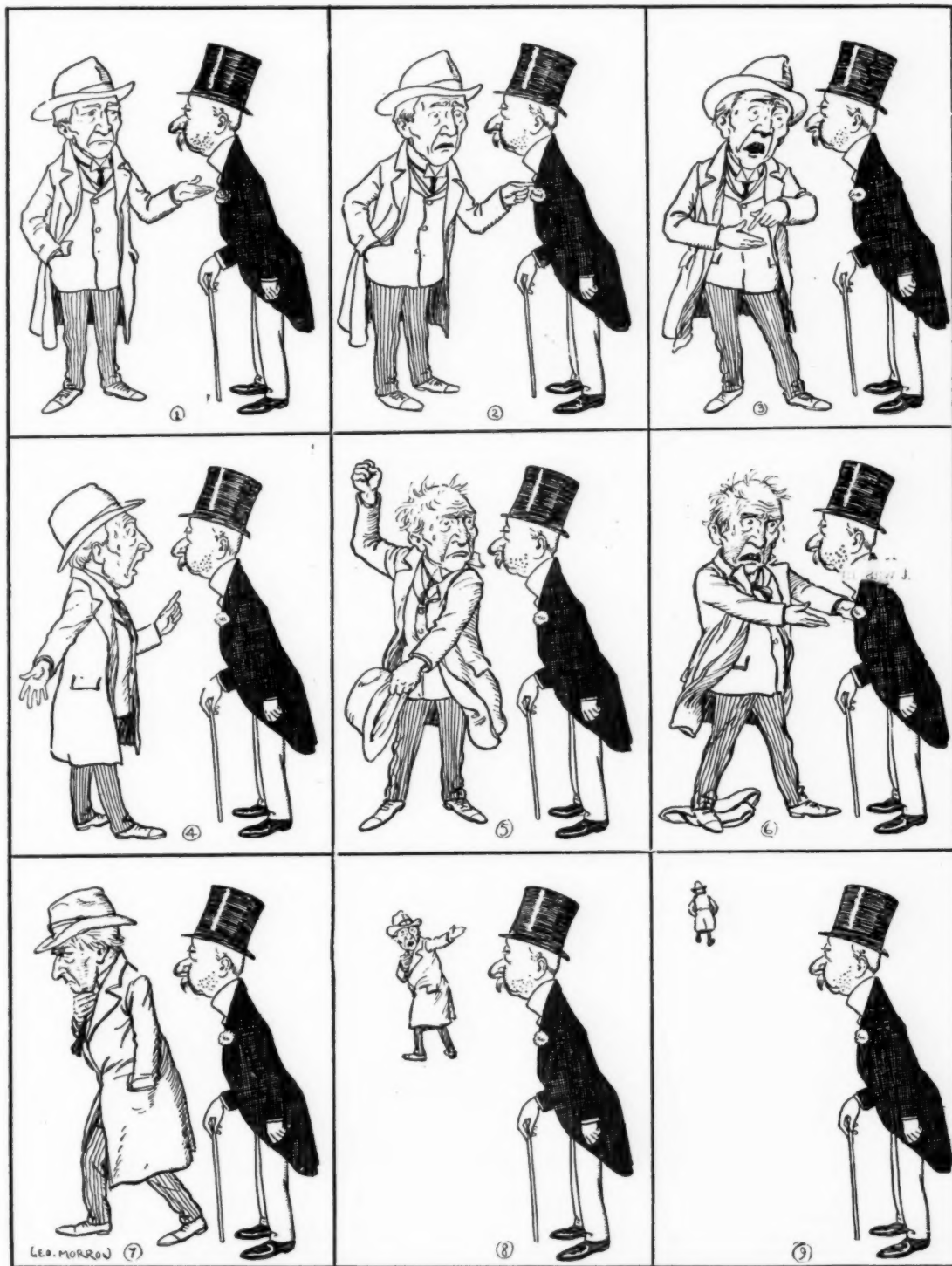
"Well, seeing as the Grand Hereditary One is supposed to be making up to Her Majesty's confidential attendant—"

Miss Fortescue came pushing up to us. "It is too ridiculous," she complained; "none of us know our parts yet, and if we have a rehearsal now—what do you think about it?"

I looked at Myra and smiled to myself. "I'm all for a rehearsal at once," I said. A. A. M.

Good News from the Animal World.

"Holidays of a judge and some others."—*Daily Graphic.*



THE CANVASSER AND THE UNIMPRESSIBLE VOTER.

BLUE DERIVATIVES.

THERE is no doubt that M. MAETER-LINCK's innovating genius, as displayed in *The Blue Bird*, will leave a lasting mark on the stage, for already (such is the inherent mimicry of the normal dramatist) we hear of several new plays in which ordinarily inanimate objects play lively parts.

The casts of one or two such works reveal how strong the Belgian influence is. Thus:—

THE BROWN DOG.

An Anti-Vivisectionist Morality.

Rover, the hero, a brown dog, the friend of man.

Poos, a cat with nine lives, and therefore the despair of the vivisectionists.

Several Surgeons, all named and all villains.

Blood, continually running from dog.

Battersea Park, who ultimately offers the dog a home.

Law Order } Twin sisters.

Public Opinion, an agitated female.

Stevecole, an eloquent opponent of vivisection.

Scorn, his friend.

Pen Ink } His constant companions.

Policemen, Town Councillors, Paper-boys, Outside Shouts, etc., etc.

And here is *The Blue Bird* method as applied to melodrama pure and simple:—

THE BLACK HAND.

A Sensational Drama of Modern Life.

Jasper Maltravers, the hero, an author.

Grace Lovelace, the heroine.

Sir Dyrke Devious, the villain, played by a bulldog in evening dress.

Lady Devious, his unhappy wife, played by a white cat with black paws.

Ursula Davenport, an adventuress, played by a dress-stand on castors.

Guy Badminton, a spendthrift.

Limelight, who accompanies hero and heroine.

Applause, who enters after every heroic speech.

Waste-paper Basket, who devours Jasper's MSS.

A Dishonoured Cheque, friend of Guy Badminton.

A Deaf Waiter.

Postage Stamp, who assists hero and heroine in clandestine correspondence.

The Marble Arch, a friend of the family.

Sleuth, a detective, in the following disguises:—a tramp, a boy scout, a gentleman, a curate, a doormat, a postman, a sack of potatoes, a bus conductor, an Egyptologist, a pup, a caddie, a keyhole, an organ-grinder, a draught.

Jim Pincher, an obsolete burglar.

Jack Snaffles, thief and gentleman, the super-hero.

Kleptomania, Soap, Genius of Poetry, Crowd of Good and Bad Motives, Greed, Hate, Joy, Virtue, Vice.

Also in rapid preparation, *The Black Draught, The Blue Pill, The Yellow Press, and The White Lie.*

OUR IMPARTIAL HISTORIANS.

A STUDY IN CONTEMPORARY JOURNALISM.

EXTRACT from newspaper report of a meeting addressed by the Tarifferendum Candidate, at the Corn Exchange, Poop-ton-on-the-Push, on Thursday last:—

"At this point Mr. Glibley urged upon his hearers the vital necessity of finding work for all.

A Voice. When was your last job? (Laughter.)

Continuing, Mr. Glibley said that in the spring of last year no fewer than one able-bodied male in forty was on the rates.

A Voice. We don't want your personal reminiscences. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Glibley made one more strenuous attempt to hold the audience; Irish affairs, he said, could not be permanently projected into the obscure perspective of an elusory futurity, but at the same time—

The Voice. Has anybody here seen Kelly? (Roars of laughter.)

The Chairman (interposing). Will you give Mr. Glibley a fair hearing?

The Voice. No. (Loud and prolonged laughter.)

Several members of the audience then mounted the platform in a spirited and determined manner that would be denied nothing, and a resolution proposing a vote of confidence in the anti-Tarifferendum Candidate was carried with the most wonderful enthusiasm. Meanwhile Mr. Glibley and his friends, evidently thinking discretion the better part of valour, made a hurried escape by way of a back door, which, when it became known, provoked unbounded merriment amongst the audience. The magnificent *Bread Song*—"Bread, bread, it's bread we want, not work"—was then sung, to the tune of *Oh! Oh! Antonio*, after which the proceedings terminated 'in the most admired disorder.'

Extract from the same paper's report of a meeting addressed by the anti-Tarifferendum Candidate, at the Corn Exchange, Poop-ton-on-the-Push, on Friday last:—

"Continuing, Mr. Glumley pointed out that a levy of only nineteen shillings in the pound on all treasure trove would, at the end of twenty years, provide all *bonâ-fide* trade-unionists over the age

of forty-three with red bandana handkerchiefs free of cost. But at this point it became only too evident that there was a plot on foot to break up the meeting by an organised gang of hooligans, and worse. The Chairman's appeal for order was greeted with un-English catcalls and ribald snatches of song. Ultimately the platform was rushed by hired braves, who had gained admittance by means of forged tickets. Providentially, no lives were lost, but several legs (Windsor chair) were broken, and, amid scenes of brutal violence, cheers were given for Mr. Glibley and his policy of universal fratricide. It now rests with Poop-ton to clear up this scandalous affair, and to remove the stigma that at present rests upon its name. A foul blow has been struck at the Englishman's inalienable right of free speech; terrorism and rowdiness stalk openly and unashamed in our midst, and we cannot leave the matter there. What were the police doing?" Etc., etc., etc.

BALLADE OF THE OPEN MIND.

FROM every hustings 'neath the sky

The stream of talk begins to run;

To fierce and windy warfare fly

The Tory Goth and Labour Hun;

And as I hear each mother's son

I wonder which is worse than t'other—

It seems to me it's six of one

And half-a-dozen of the other.

Each morning is the pensions lie

Exposed by some great Tory gun;

Each night the Food Tax fallacy

Is settled and for ever done.

And as I watch the sorry fun,

Where each must vilify his brother,

It seems to me it's six of one

And half-a-dozen of the other.

"Tariff Reform," the Liberals cry,

"Would surely end in work for none."

"No, no," good Unionists reply,

"It's bread for all—perhaps a bun.

The only way our fate to shun—"

"The only way our trade to smother—"

It seems to me it's six of one

And half-a-dozen of the other.

ENVOY.

Votes, could I have you by the ton,

I'd give you all to wife or mother,

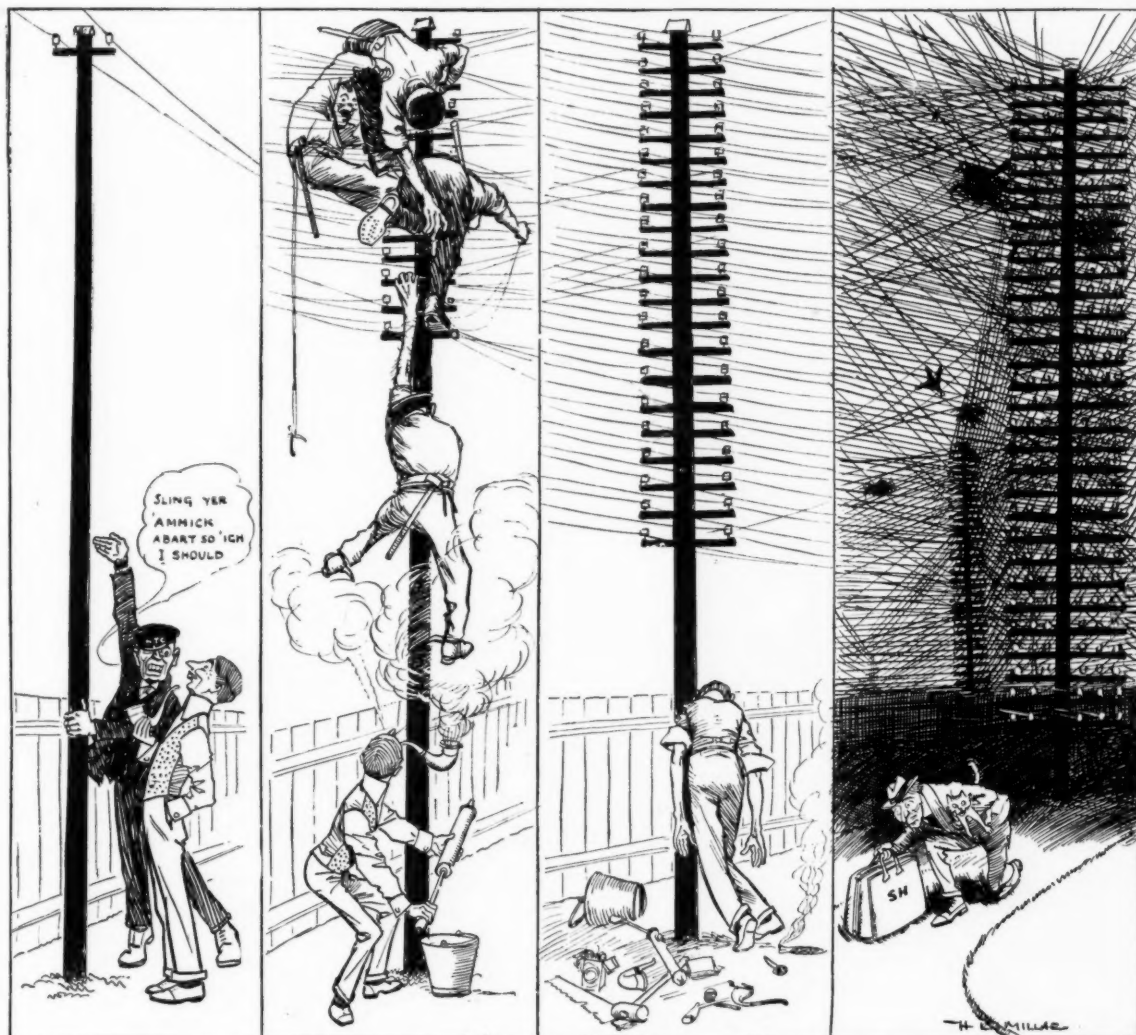
Till they, too, learn it's six of one

And half-a-dozen of the other.

"Leigham Court II. beat Wallington II. by 13 goals to nil. Wallington were unfortunate in being two short, but two spectators filled the gap; one got hurt and retired and the other put her knee out, and so could only stand in goal the second half."—*The Hockey Field.*

After all, Wallington II. were not so very unlucky. These accidents might have happened to the actual team.

A SUBURBAN TRAGEDY.



IN AN UNGUARDED MOMENT THE SIMPLE HOUSEHOLDER ALLOWS THE YOUNG SAPLING TO TAKE ROOT IN HIS GARDEN.

IT BECOMES INFESTED WITH LARGE APE-LIKE PARASITES, UPON WHOM TOBACCO SMOKE, BEER AND SUCH-LIKE IN-ETICIDES HAVE NO EFFECT.

IT FLOURISHES EXCEEDINGLY, THROWING OUT ITS FAIRY-LIKE FILAMENTS IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

FINALLY THE SIMPLE HOUSEHOLDER ABANDONS HIS PROPERTY AND SEEKS SAFETY IN FLIGHT!

BALFOURIFORM.

[Mr. BALFOUR has declared in favour of "a rational system" of Tariff Reform.]

THEY have nobbled their BALFOUR and clapped him in quod.

Sing hey for the blessings of Tariff Reform!

He is taking it kindly; he's kissing the rod.

Oh, it's taxes on food that'll keep a man warm!

He is all for "a rational system," says he,

But he fails to explain what his method will be.

He has slipped them before. Will he slip them again?

Oh, it's Blatchford and bogeys and up with the scare!

And his half-sheet of paper was not very plain.

Sing ho and sing hey for the cupboard that's bare!

ARTHUR B. is a man who with sense is imbued.

Are you certain he said he's a taxer of food?

"Yes, yes," came the answer, "we've got him pinned down."

Oh, talk unemployment and keep it to that!

"ARTHUR B. is our own from his sole to his crown."

Sing hey and sing tit for the foreigner's tat!

"For his 'rational system'—you heard what he said—Means a tax upon rations, i.e., upon bread."

"The reredos of the altar is composed of seven gilt panels of Fra and Jellicos angels."—*Ludlow Advertiser*.

This well-known firm makes a speciality of angels. Fra's is supposed to be the inspiring brain and Jellicos does the rest.



COSTUMES FOR CANVASSING.

SHOULD THEY BE VELVET OR TAILOR-MADE? MR. PUNCH'S VERDICT ON THE GREAT CONTROVERSY.

VELVET, WITHOUT A DOUBT—

OR PERHAPS, ON SECOND THOUGHTS, TAILOR-MADE.

RICHMOND PARK.

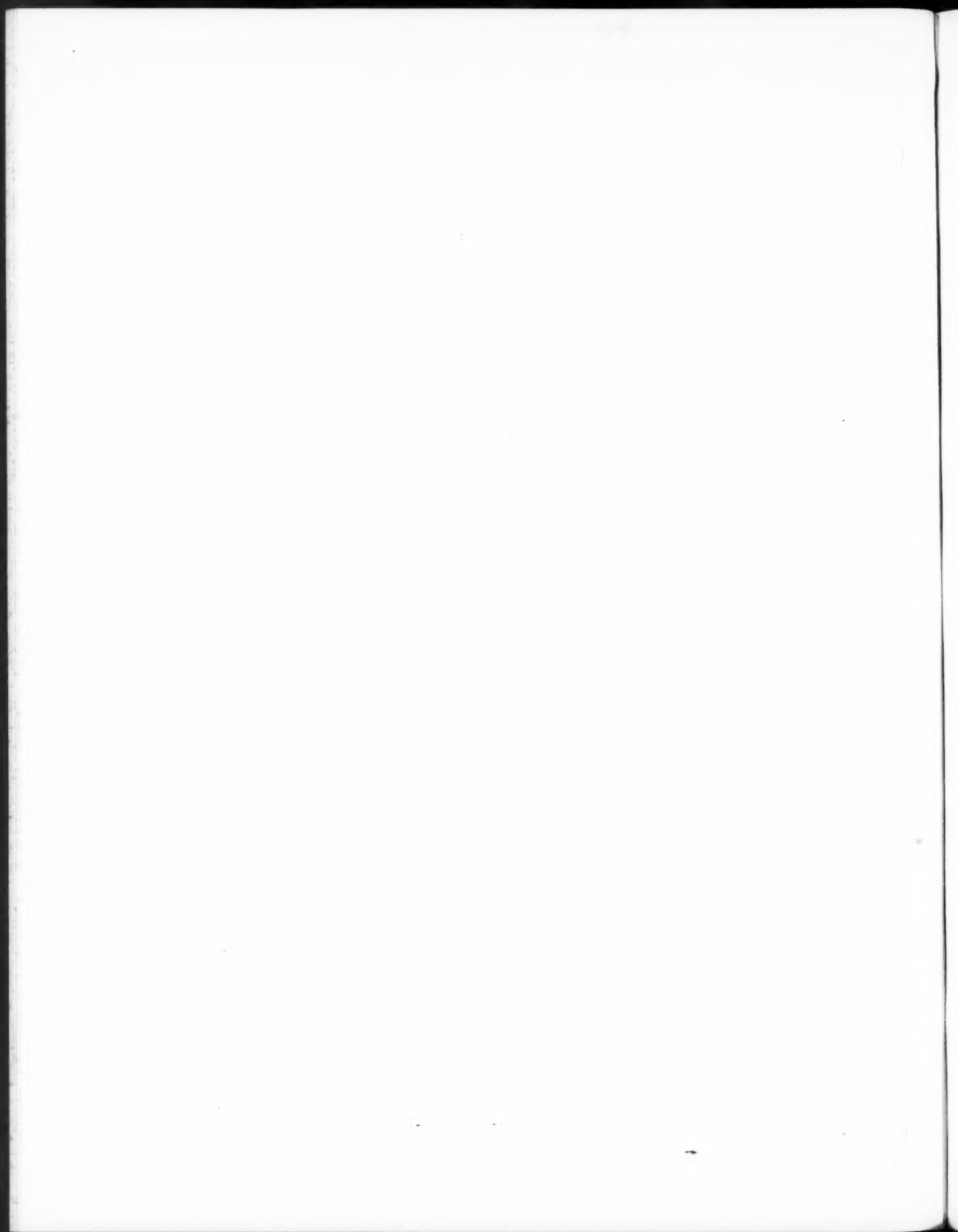
Oh, have you been to Richmond of a windy April morning,
 When the loose white clouds are flying and the blue is
 washed and clean,
 When the beeches on the hill-top don a diffident adorning
 And the river twines its silver through the shimmer of
 the green,
 When the cuckoo flings his notes
 And the thrushes crack their throats
 And the boatmen at the eyot start a-varnishing their boats?
 Have you seen its gallant vistas in the splendour of a June
 day,
 Oh, the rhododendron thickets and the water and the wood!
 When the stags are still in velvet and across the hush of
 noon-day
 Comes the throbbing of the motors past the Gate of Robin
 Hood,
 When the bracken by the ponds
 First unfolds its crinkled fronds
 And the dragon-flies are dancing round the slender willow
 wands?
 Have you been to royal Richmond when the year is growing
 mellow,
 And October, mild and fruitful, on its woodland sets her
 mark,

When the footpath—of her bounty—has a carpet red and
 yellow,
 And the great harts roar a challenge as the twilight meets
 the dark,
 And at half-past five or so
 There are lights that flash and glow,
 Thrilling upward in the quiet out of Kingston down below?
 Have you ever been to Richmond when the days are short
 and chilly,
 When a red December sunset has been swallowed in the fog,
 When the wanderer, belated in the frosty air and stilly,
 Sees the tree-trunks full of goblins, and he whistles up
 his dog,
 And turns to look again
 At the firelight on the pane,
 In the keeper's cottage window, going home by Clarence Lane?
 If you've not, then, and would know it, with its pools and
 forest spaces,
 Take this gratis introduction, very willingly bestowed,
 And a trifling thing in train-fares will acquaint you with its
 graces,
 Or you'll hear its Pan-pipe music by a 'bus from Brompton
 Road.
 If a Dryad you should see
 And you care to mention me,
 I shouldn't be astonished if she asked you in to tea!



HOME CHAT: A STUDY IN DOMESTICITY.

MR. ASQUITH. "PRESENTING, AS THEY DO, A SOLID AND UNITED FRONT, WE PROPOSE TO HAND OVER TO THE IRISH THE ABSOLUTE CONTROL OF THEIR DOMESTIC AFFAIRS."



CHARIVARIA.

SIR EDWARD GREY has acknowledged that a Navy is essential for our safety.

Mr. ARNOLD LUPTON, the Radical Member for the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire, in reply to an inquiry from *The Express*, has wired, "Yes, heckler insisted on categorical reply to question, Would Tariff party pay old age pensions? My reply was 'No.'" Can we have been doing an injustice to Mr. URE all this while?

"You say to a tradesman," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, "You seem to be doing very well. Why don't you open out?" "Open out?" he says; "where am I going to open out? I cannot build in the clouds, and if I did they would charge a ground rent." Well, we are fond of sunshine ourselves, and should be very glad to see a rent in the sky.

It is rumoured that if the Unionists are successful they will be prepared to act generously to their opponents who have the People's Budget so much at heart. No Liberal who wishes to pay the increased Death Duties will have any obstacle put in his way.

A grave injustice was done to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE by the person who quoted him as having said in his Queen's Hall speech that "The time has come for us to say that the land of England was not made for partridges, but for pheasants."

Notwithstanding the welcome report that Mr. HALDANE is progressing favourably, we are informed that he is still in favour of the Budget.

The heat last week was so abnormal that several tortoises awoke from their winter sleep under the impression that Spring had already begun, and one of these reptiles, an old gentleman informs us, upon learning how it had been tricked, poured forth such a torrent of revolting language that our correspondent had to send his wife indoors.

The doctors tell us that the mild weather is unhealthy at this time of year. It has undoubtedly played havoc with the nerves of those editors of topical papers who have to send their journals to press ten days in advance and decide to take the risk of a snow-balling picture.

The Chairman of the Fire Brigade Committee of Aston was presented, the other day, with an ink-stand made out of the hoof of a fire-brigade horse known as "Old Tommy," who died some months ago. This horse, we are told, was the



MR. LLOYD GEORGE INTRODUCES QUEEN ELIZABETH.

From a report in *The Times* of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S speech at Reading:—"He wondered what would have happened if Sir Francis Drake had said, 'I have only got two big ships for every one of the Spaniards', and only five small ones for every small one on their side. I really cannot face them.' There was a good old Welsh lady named Elizabeth Tudor on the throne of England at that time who had no fear of either German or Spaniard in her soul. She would have sent for Drake and have said to him, 'Come over here; your head is more useful on Tower Hill than on a British man-of-war.'—(Loud cheers)."

(Other things equally unpleasant might also have occurred.)

first animal that put on its own collar, a feat it always performed when the fire-alarm rang. What a lesson to us human beings, many of whom in similar circumstances would rush out just as we were without thinking of the proprieties!

A postman was stationed at the corner of Berners Street last week to replace temporarily a damaged pillar-box. Several ignorant persons, it is said, tried to post their letters in the mouth of the unfortunate functionary.

While the pastor of a Congregational

Church was delivering an address in the church parlour on Saturday his overcoat containing the manuscript of his sermon for the following day was stolen from the vestry. We understand that the pastor handsomely acknowledges that he himself is to blame for leaving valuables in such an exposed place.

The Board of Trade Report upon London traffic remarks that as an instrument of locomotion the motor omnibus is in its infancy. It is to be hoped that the noisy little fiend will as soon as possible reach the age of discretion.

MY CANVASS.

My conscience compelled me to come to the rescue of the Constitution, and when I demanded a canvassing book the agent beamed on me.

"You take Nelson Street," he said. "It'll need tactful management. Tell 'em all in confidence that Clump is certain to be in by two thousand. If we can get 'em bettin' on our man they'll back their bets with their votes."

"Is there any special constitutional point I should emphasise?" I asked.

"Don't talk too much about work for all," he said cynically. "Last thing they want down there is a job."

When I looked at the gloomy dwellings of Nelson Street I thrilled with enthusiasm. I resolved that if one man's eloquence could do anything every vote in that street should be cast for Clump, and not a solitary one for Higgins.

Very confidently I knocked at the door of No. 1.

"Mrs. Budge, I believe," I said in my sweetest tones to a stern-looking lady. "Could I see your husband for one moment about the election? I have called in the interests of England and Clump."

"I'd like to see 'im for a minute," said the lady shrilly. "Run away, 'e did, four months since, an' not a penny nor a word 'ave I 'ad from 'im. Jus' let me get 'old of 'im once. An' toffs like you 'oo encourages 'im is jus' as bad. Get away with you—comin' an' talkin' to respectable married wimmen as if they was Suffragettes."

As Mrs. Budge's attitude was distinctly threatening, I hurriedly marked her husband as "removed," and hastened to interview Mr. Progers at No. 5.

Mr. Progers was washing himself in a bucket, and looked up at me with a soapy face.

"Called for Clump, 'ave yer? Now 'ow many *Dreadnoughts* is 'e in favour of?"

"Sixteen," I said. "Mr. Clump is resolved at all costs that our naval supremacy must be maintained."

From behind his mask of suds Mr. Progers glowered on me.

"Get out, you an' yer sixteen. We wants fifty, an' the dooks ter pay for every one of 'em. I'll 'ave no Little Englanders in this 'ouse. Yer looks like a German spy—that's about your

mark. Wait till I've done washin' myself, an' I'll show yer what a true Englishman thinks o' the likes o' you."

With exceeding promptitude I marked Mr. Progers as "doubtful," and departed for No. 13.

There Mr. Kenworthy received me with open arms. He agreed with everything I said. He listened with delight to my exposition of the constitutional crisis. So when I rose to go I said, "Then I may put you down as pledged to Mr. Clump?" "Not me. I'm a-votin' for 'Iggins. Yer see it's this way. My missis's maiden name was 'Iggins, an' there'd be trouble if I voted agin a 'Iggins. Peace at 'ome—that's my motto. You come round for 'Iggins, an' you'll 'ave my vote certain. I likes yer way o' talkin'."



SOFAS FOR LOAFERS.

A "Social Reform," which for some unaccountable reason has not been Budgetted for as yet, but is, of course, a natural corollary of recent legislation; the cost will no doubt be cheerfully borne by the hapless middle-class taxpayer, though he can barely make both ends meet as it is. "Shirts for the shiftless," have also been only too long delayed.

After this bitter disappointment, it was a relief to find that Mr. Abbott of No. 19 was in gaol and could take no interest in the constitutional crisis for at least six months. But when I called at 25 and asked for Mr. Clewer I was surprised at the warmth of my reception.

"Come in," cried Mr. Clewer, "an' sit yer down. I'm fer Clump thick an' thin. Them as don't vote for 'im wants boilin'."

"I quite understand your very proper indignation at the grossly immoral tactics of the Higginsites," I replied.

"Ogs," said Mr. Clewer disgustedly. "Now, yer a gent. Knew I d'reckly I set eyes on yer. Now, speakin' as man ter man, could yer oblige me with five bob? This 'ere Budget's made money awkward to get 'old of."

"At any other time I should be delighted, Mr. Clewer, but during an

election it might be interpreted as corruption."

"Wot! D'yer mean ter tell me as five bob'd corrupt me. Tellin' me that after sittin' down i' my arm-chair like a ole friend."

Mr. Clewer suddenly gripped the poker and stood between me and the door.

I looked at Mr. Clewer and the poker, an' placed five shillings on the table. As he jumped for it I jumped for the door.

When I was safely at the end of the street, I resolved to let the Constitution look after itself. I marked all the remaining voters at random "dead," "removed," or "doubtful," and was just going off in disgust when I saw another canvasser approach. He glanced

at my book and said sneeringly, "Not much good trying this neighbourhood. The democracy are solid for Higgins."

I was about to contradict him when a happy thought came to me.

"Some of them are very bigoted," I said sadly. "There's a man called Clewer at 25 who was quite offensive."

His face lit up. "Ah, you're finding out what the people really think. It'll be an eye-opener for you."

I saw him march eagerly down Nelson Street to No. 25 and knock cheerily at the door. I saw Mr. Clewer open the door and draw him in, and I went away happy. Some one else would have an eye-opener.

"Schadenfreude."

DARK DAYS
IN GERMANY
DEAR FOOD
UNEMPLOYMENT
AND SUICIDE.

"Daily News" Poster.

Notwithstanding its affection for this "friendly" Power—an affection so great that it views the rapid growth of a rival navy in that quarter with a complete immunity from suspicion—one can picture the grim satisfaction with which our contemporary must have composed the above terribly imaginative placard for the purpose of making the Tariff Reformer's flesh creep.

"Christmas Day will not again fall on a Saturday until 2190."—*Yorkshire Post*.
Then we shan't wait.



Radical Candidate. "I HAVEN'T HAD TIME FOR A SINGLE DAY'S HUNTING THIS SEASON."

Conservative Sportsman (anxious to convey cheery sympathy). "OH, THAT'LL BE ALL RIGHT AFTER THE ELECTION; YOU'LL HAVE TIME FOR SIX DAYS A WEEK."

BETRAYED.

Lost is my faith in man! I have been robbed
By those for whom I sought the Crown of Fame;
Were times I could have flung me down and sobbed,
Though mine was but the sorrow, theirs the shame.

Ah! 'twas my inborn modesty forbade
That I myself should seek the fadeless bays;
Enough could I all gloriously be clad
In the shed lustre from another's rays.

I chose an author, one of claims distinct;
I clung to him like tendrils to the oak;
Our names, I vowed, for ever should be linked
In reminiscence, anecdote, or joke.

A closer friend than I he never found;
I wooed his favour with my every breath. . . .
Did he achieve distinction? Selfish hound!
He cultivated style, and starved to death.

I chose a painter, one whose lofty brow
Gave bounteous promise for the years to be;
Where Fortune's gilded apples weighed the bough,
I leaned a golden ladder 'gainst the tree.

Then, loving-handed, led him nigh to show
How, ready to his reach, the Fame-fruit hung. . . .
Did he ascend the ladder? Curse him, no!
He had ideals! and never rose a rung.

I chose a politician, one of parts;
His star, I felt, was rising ne'er to set;
His purple diction swayed the people's hearts,
His person early graced the Cabinet.

"This man," said I, "makes Hist'ry; its fair page
Shall laud a friend who nobly shared the cost." . . .
Did he retain the centre of the stage?
The ass developed scruples, and was lost.

Fooled and betrayed! Fate yet shall not bestrew
With my unhonoured dust Oblivion's shelf.
Down, Diffidence! What now I have to do
Is win the fadeless laurels for myself.

Election Items.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN has addressed a letter to his fellow-countrymen, dealing with the political situation. Our Poet Laureate has begun the New Year well by writing prose.

"M.P. Fights for his Seat in a Sick Bed," said the placard of a halfpenny paper. We don't know who was disputing his right to a seat in his own sick bed, but while sympathising with his indisposition we feel it is a case where he should have taken the trouble lying down.

Sir WILLIAM BULL, M.P., is reported to have punched a heckler for remarking, "I am not a solicitor who is paid to tell lies." There is no truth, however, in the rumour that Sir WILLIAM has offered to take on three dukes, seventeen other peers, and 240 Unionist Candidates because of their lack of respect to another solicitor—a Welsh one.

A VICTIM OF TYRANNY.

EVER since the Tyrant set his foot upon my neck I have had to give up jig-saws, aeroplaning, the dodging of split infinitives, and all the gentle tasks that go to fill the days of a simple and useful life.

At ten this morning, for instance, just as my fountain-pen had begun to work without blobbing, my chief retainer put her head in at the door and said explosively: "Please, master—you're—wanted!"

I had already entertained a mild suspicion that this might be so; for there had been five knocks and three rings during the preceding two minutes, and a proud champing of bits and the stertorous breathing of a Daimhard sounded at the outer postern. So I cast a lingering fond glance at a still wet chapter-heading—"How Henry Pressed his Suit"—and went dejectedly downstairs.

"Which room?" I asked. My chief retainer made a circular sweep with a plump mottled arm.

"All of 'em," she said aggrievedly, and tumbled down the kitchen stairs to relieve the tension of over-stimulated nerves by breaking coals below.

I went first into the grand salon, where a young man with a gardenia and an air of loving me rather more than a brother gripped my hand cordially and spun about me a dark cloud of words, words, words, from which there presently emerged, although mistily, the central idea that, given certain eventualities and right conduct on my part, my food would cost me less.

I believe I told him that the matter couldn't affect me, that I had no time for meals at all during these days of oppression. Somehow, at any rate, I got rid of him; and then I went to the banqueting-hall.

Here, his gnarled fist resting on the table—my table, the board sacred to hospitality—stood an uninvited stranger, with basilisk eye and a Scotch Presbyterian beard. He flung forty fiscal facts and Heaven knows how many rows of figures at me, till—dim at first and nebulous—there grew slowly into shape the suggestion that, given unrighteous conduct on my part, my food would cost me more.

I know I told him that in that case I should have to work harder, and that it might be the making of me; for work alone is noble. (It is worthy of note that any argument which does not fit into a well-worn groove will put the mind of the partizany instantly out of gear.) We parted, more in anger than in sorrow, and I telephoned down the kitchen stairs to ask who was in the Blue Room.

As I am not a Cabinet Minister there

was nothing to fear, really. But I did my breathing exercises in the hall, went hurriedly through my physical drill, and then swung jauntily into the room, humming a merry stave.

But the music died on my lips as her eye fell upon me. For twenty minutes by the clock, and with only two semicolons, she told me that my sisters and my cousins and my aunts, as well as my fourteen daughters, were slaves and helots. "And now, Sir," she said, considering my plate-glass windows with an interest I did not at all care for,—"and now, Sir, have you made up your mind to do us justice at last?"

"Madam," I replied, seeing my opening here,—"Madam, it would be difficult indeed to do *you* justice." She looked by turns mollified, doubtful, and then dangerous; and I had to warn one of my varlets, who was sweeping imaginary leaves into heaps outside, to take particular heed that she did not indulge an all-too-likely propensity for roof-climbing. Then I went to the Red Room.

I have an idea that he once mis-spent a day putting my bath-taps out of order, under pretence of being a plumber. But he was quite ready to mend the constitution, and he talked of how our forefathers bled—Heavens! how they bled!

So they did—every spring. The practice, I reminded him, has been abandoned in modern medicine, though the principle remains; and if, as seemed evident, he needed a cooling mixture, my good friend, Dr. Bolus, three doors down the street—

He shed a stream of pamphlets entitled "The Dukes: Who the Deuce are they?" all the way to the front-door.

"Are there any in the box-room, the bath-room, or under the beds?" I telephoned downstairs.

"There's her in the Yaller Room," came the resentful answer. So I went to the Yellow Room and sat down beside her on the sofa.

"My dear lady," I said—for she was young and very, very beautiful,—"my dear lady, if I have a vote doesn't it strike you that I have made up my mind how to use it years and years ago? I am whole-heartedly for a Tariff-rendum, and these visits, though pleasant, seem to a busy man so unnecessary—"

Her eyes swam, and the mute reproach in them stabbed me. "I only came," she faltered, "at the cost of much violence to my not unnatural feelings of diffidence, to thank you a thousand times for giving to the world that beautiful, beautiful book, *The Heart that Overfloweth*."

And I had so often wondered who had bought it—the sole copy of a still-born masterpiece that did not figure in

the publisher's statement under the head of "free copies."

But she was gone—and for ever!

And so it has come to this: that a man cannot tell friend from foe in the privacy of his own castle.

They come and go, canvasser and candidate, big loafer, little loafer, word-spinner, crank. And "Lor! the sweeping up after 'em!" as my head servitor justly remarks. And it is all the fault of the ruthless oligarchs, who *will* have it that I must be consulted about the taxes I pay! (Tyrants! of course they'll have to go after this.)

My head servitor has given a month's notice.

Proud LANSLOWNE, see your work!

SINGLE CHAMBER POWERS.

[The following Form of Declaration for a good Radical, to be signed and handed to the Agent for the borough or division, has been generously drawn up by a Consercalaire.]

I, (give profession, if employed), recently of sound mind and discretion, do appoint as my proxies in the next Parliament DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, and failing him WINSTON CHURCHILL, and failing him any person they may substitute, to pass such measures as may occur to them during the next seven years, and do hereby bind myself to accept these without a murmur, remonstrance, expostulation or contemptuous observation.

I give and bequeath all my property, real and imaginary, and all increment and decrement thereof, earned or the reverse, to the absolute use of the above for experimental Party purposes, disinheriting any children or relatives or anything of that sort I may happen to have. This property to be operated upon in any way for Socialistic objects or covered with jerry-built dwellings, cut up into unworkable small holdings or otherwise used for the convenience of the greatest number of voters. The public to be admitted whenever it amuses them, for purposes of cricket-playing, love-making, curiosity or casual slumber, or for the picking of rare flowers or fruit, which, being grown on The Land, belong to no one.

I agree to accept what I am told by Cabinet Ministers without question, whether on the subject of pensions or dukes or anything else.

I further agree to the development of economy in our national defences, the reduction of the House of Lords to the status of a dormitory and sanatorium for played-out Peers, and the dismemberment of the United Kingdom in any manner which may be convenient for Party purposes.

I approve of the elevation of Wales to



Mistress (to day-maid, who has arrived late). "YOU'RE TWO HOURS LATE, THIS MORNING, MARY; WHAT IS THE REASON?"

Mary. "YES 'M. BUT PLEASE, 'M, MOTHER SAID I WAS TO TELL YOU WHEN SHE WOUND UP THE CLOCK LAST NIGHT SHE PUT THE BIG HANDLE RIGHT, BUT CLEAN FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE LITTLE 'UN."

the position of predominant partner in Great Britain, and the removal of the Houses of Parliament to Bangor.

I hereby hand over my soul (or so much of it as is still left) to the keeping of the State. I acknowledge that I am an incapable muddler, and devoid of spirit or capacity of any kind. All the wisdom and character in the country is embodied in the Radical wing of the Liberal party. Its decisions are not to be revised by anybody whatsoever, or questioned by its electors. All this I steadfastly believe.

I agree that any resolution of the House of Commons is irrevocable, provided that the Government is Radical, even when passed in a snap division or during a spell of influenza.

I hand over my business for experimental purposes.

I agree in advance to the disestablishment of anything.

I am willing to subscribe, without being consulted, to any other opinions which may occur to the aforesaid LLOYD GEORGE and WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Signature.....

Asylum.....

THE EXEMPLAR.

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who had a fit of naughtiness. He refused to obey his nurse and was, as she said afterwards, that obstreperous that her life for about half-an-hour was a burden. At last, just as she was in despair, a robin fluttered to the window-sill of the nursery and perched on it, peeping in.

"There," said the nurse, "look at that dear little birdie come to see what all the trouble's about. He's never refused to have his face washed and made clean, I know. I'd be ashamed to cry and scream before a little pretty innocent like that, that I would."

Now this robin, as it happened, was a poisonously wicked little bird. He was greedy and jealous and spiteful. He continually fought other and weaker birds and took away their food; he pecked sparrows and tyrannised over tits. He habitually ate too much; and quite early in life he had assisted his brothers and sisters in putting both their parents to death.

None the less the spectacle of his

pretty red breast and bright eye shamed and soothed the little boy and very soon he became quite good again.

Motto for Hastings Conservatives.

"*Nil desperandum Du Cros duce et auspice Du Cros.*"

"Then gravely, and with signs of the deepest respect, the vicar gave the good lady the prize. It was a moving spectacle."—*Western Daily Press.*

It sounds like a clock-work Teddy Bear.

"South Africa's eleven for Durban will remain unchanged."—*Reuter.*

And if the English team also refuses to shave as well as change their clothes until they have avenged their defeat, there will be a scrubby lot of players taking the field at Durban.

"Poundary hits are grave and perilous ventures when the last wicket has fallen."—"*Globe*" leaderette on the Test Match.

We agree that they would be bitterly resented by the crowd that swarms over the ground after the finish.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE sub-title of *Garryowen* (FISHER UNWIN) is "The Romance of a Racehorse." If you expect something on the lines of *Black Beauty* or *The Life-story of a Partridge* (vide popular magazines) you will be agreeably surprised. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE's novel is an ordinary comedy of men and women. Of course there is a racehorse in it, *Garryowen* himself, no less, but his part is largely a thinking one. Mr. French, of Drumgool, owed more than he could pay, and his effects (including *Garryowen*) were to be seized if he did not meet a bill by a certain date. Now *Garryowen* was a dead cert for the City and Suburban, which was to be run a week after that date; and French expected to get fifty to one about him, for this was a very dark horse indeed. Was this chance to go begging for want of seven days' grace? Well, there was one way of saving the situation—*Garryowen* must be kept in hiding. The story tells how Mr. French and his horse, household, little daughter, pretty governess, and faithful friend transported themselves secretly from Ireland to Sussex; how they lived there on next to nothing; how they were traced by a wicked cousin who was going to reveal their whereabouts to the moneylender; and how the faithful friend kidnapped the wicked cousin—all, in fact, as it should be. Of course *Garryowen* runs and wins, and Violet marries either French (the widower) or *Dashwood* (the faithful friend); she is left making up her mind, but I think she will take *Dashwood*. When I read this pleasant book I felt very grateful to Mr. STACPOOLE for it, because I really thought it was going to be the life story of a partridge; that gratitude made me overlook the fact that it might quite easily have had a larger share of fancy and sunny humour.

As myself something of an epicure in stories about buried treasure, I lay down this general axiom—that no author starting with a ruined mansion, an impoverished family, and a mysterious cryptogram, has any business thereafter to go wandering off into Germany and wasting time over foreign domestic comedy. If "JANE WARDLE" had only observed this simple rule he would have made a far better job of *The Pasque-Flower* (ARXOLD). Nothing indeed could have been more promising than the early chapters. Old Mr. Palverson, with his courtly poverty and the tradition of an ancestral hoard, is the very character to welcome of a winter's evening. But the Teutonic part, however well drawn, and however true to life the hospitality, kindness, and general amiability of the inhabitants, only irritates a reader who, like myself, is anxious to get on and discover what really was hidden at *The Queen's House*. Especially as I was a little worried all the time by a suspicion that "JANE WARDLE" wanted me to stop building more *Dreadnoughts*. The result is an unfortunate break in the interest of the tale. How good it

might have been is shown by the delightful thrills of the end, which is worthy of the best traditions of the craft. The secret of the cryptogram, when revealed, indicates a sliding panel in the wainscot, behind which are narrow stone steps leading downwards, and only to be descended with caution because "the air may be foul down there." (Don't you always love that bit?) And at the bottom they found— Ah, that, I think, you must find for yourself; but I advise you to pay the author the compliment of skipping his middle chapters in the process.

If this were an appropriate moment to suggest a holiday-task for politicians I should recommend Mrs. EVERARD COTES'S *The Burnt Offering* (METHUEN) to their notice, because it shows very clearly the harm done by men who would rather talk about subjects of which they know nothing than not talk at all. Vulcan Mills (I like his name), M.P. for Further Angus, goes to India, not so much in search of knowledge as of evidence that the British are a race of oppressors. Stuffed with prejudices and accompanied by his daughter he is soon surrounded by people who regard him—and her—with

reverence. Here, in fact, is a first-rate ass in the making, with a bray more harmful than his bite, a man who might easily have become as tiresome to those reading of him as he became to the officials who closed his Indian career by bundling him back to England. Such a blunder, however, has been avoided. Vulcan is mischievous enough; he swells with his own importance; but he retains an ingenuous simplicity which prevents him from being a bore.



(It is proposed that architecture shall enjoy copyright.)

Architect of Pomona Villas—West side (to Architect of Laburnum Villas—East side).
"HERE, YOU SCOUNDREL, YOU'RE INFRINGING MY COPYRIGHT!"

He is "out for the cause of the people—any cause and any people," and no further explanation of him and of his kind is needed. Mrs. COTES is able to deal gravely with a serious problem and at the same time to write an amusing novel; we are bound to sympathise with men handicapped in their work by vain babblers, but we also smile at the egregious Mrs. Livingstone Hooper, "struggling for utterance behind a Carlsbad plum." I wish, by the way, that Mrs. COTES would not add to her *Burnt Offering* by the revolting sacrifice of an *l* in "all right."

The Perils of Dictation.

"The captain and his boat's screw were picked up by a passing vessel."—*Birmingham Post*.

One of the New Year resolves contributed by the Rev. F. B. MEYER:

"To make room for at least one hour of solid reading daily." But he mustn't neglect his *Answers*, all the same.

"Green and Roman children had none of the excruciatingly ingenious toys which are inflicted on our younglings."—*Manchester Evening News*. It is certainly safer to be born in the purple.

"He was deliberate, lucid, direct, concise, and he roused the audience to a great pitch of civilisation."—*Be'fast Newsletter*. Unfortunately it is too late to commend these methods to Tory Peers when addressing the usual Radical hooligans.